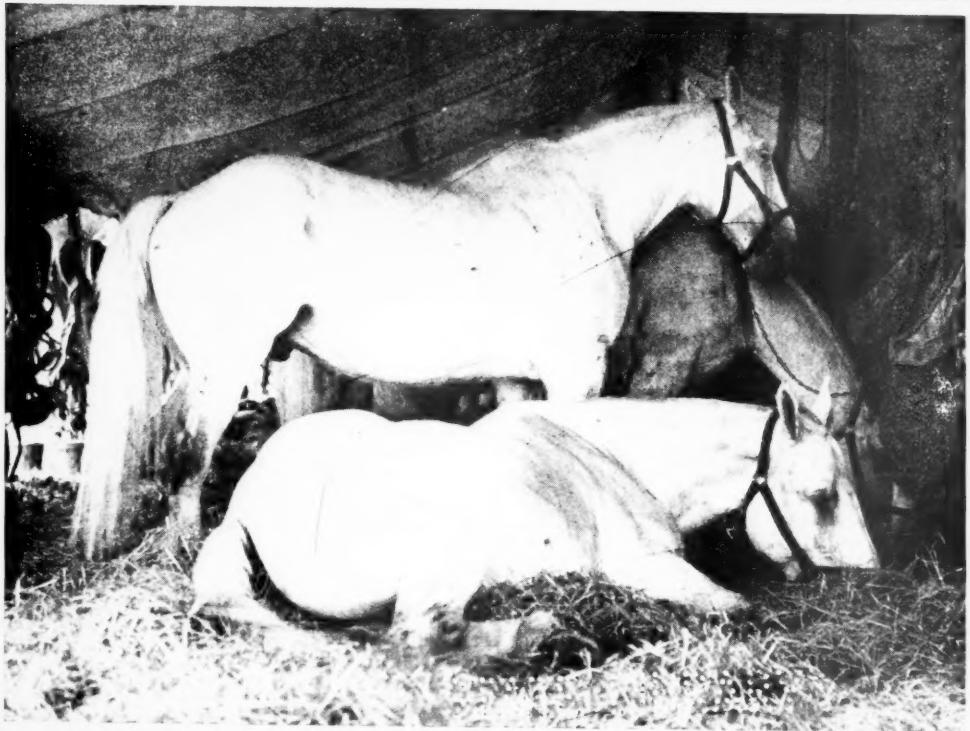


JANUARY 1941

OUR DUMB ANIMALS

V.H. 74 1941



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Our Dumb Animals



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The Massachusetts Society

for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals

The American Humane Education Society

The American Band of Mercy

I would not enter on my list of friends,
Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,
Yet wanting sensibility, the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.

—COWPER



Published monthly by the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, 46 Central Street, Norwood, Massachusetts

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Vol. 74

January, 1941

No. 1

We Hope You Like It

WE mean our magazine which, on its seventy-fourth birthday, appears with its new cover and its new and larger type. This oldest publication of its kind in this or any other country still looks to the future.

It gives us four additional pages and a more substantial cover with a color changeable from time to time.

Yes, it costs more but the subscription price is still the same, and it will go, as in the past, to nearly all associated humane organizations, to many professional men—doctors, lawyers, clergymen—to the leading newspapers, to libraries, to schools, orphanages and other institutions where children are to be found, and to all Bands of Mercy.

Into nearly every country on the face of the globe it finds its way, carrying its gospel of kindness, good will, and pleading for peace instead of war, for tolerance instead of criticism, for fair play instead of prejudice, for love instead of hate.

For thousands of its copies we receive nothing. They are sent out as part of the Society's work, to widen the kingdom of justice, truth, mercy and good will toward all that lives—whether men, women or children, or the beasts of the field and the birds of the air.

Any friend of any of our readers may have a free sample copy upon request. The subscription price is one dollar a year; in clubs of five the price is sixty cents a year.

To give for Humane Education is to insure a generation hating war and the narrow nationalism from which it springs.

Another Year

IN spite of all the sorrow, pain, destruction, fear, hunger, death, whose shadows will darken the New Day and the New Year, multitudes still in this land of ours, and even in many another where the shadows will be deepest, will greet their fellows with the time-old words, "A Happy New Year!"

The vast majority of us here in our own country cannot fail to be deeply grateful for the blessings that are ours, compared with those of our human fellows whose days and nights are filled with the fears born of war and want. How can we forget them in their time of peril?

To all who read these words we do, with sincere regard, wish the happiest New Year life's circumstances make possible.

How far from the truth was the speaker who said recently, "Men call national selfishness, patriotism"?

It was a former Lord Chancellor of England who said, "All great powers must begin disarmament or starvation."

War

The bells will peal, long-haired men will dress in golden sacks to pray for successful slaughter. And the old story will begin again.

The editors of the daily press will begin virulently to stir men up to hatred and manslaughter in the name of patriotism, happy in the receipt of an increased income. Manufacturers, merchants, contractors for military stores will hurry joyously about their business, in the hope of double receipts. LEO TOLSTOI

This Is Important

THE Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals suffers from two serious misunderstandings on the part of the public:

First, in its appeals for financial help it is repeatedly being told, "Why should a rich Society like yours ask for any financial aid from residents of the city or state?"

What are the facts? The Society does have a generous invested fund, but from part of that fund it can only receive the interest and, from the rest, the interest meets but fifty per cent of the annual expenses of the Society. The other fifty per cent must be obtained from members of the Society and from people interested in animal welfare.

The Angell Memorial Animal Hospital, an important part of the Society's work, having to deal with toward fifty thousand animals a year, involves the Society in a deficit each year of more than \$40,000. Hundreds of people cannot pay for the treatment of their animals. Many will not pay, some give false names or addresses.

Without the gifts of the Society's friends, the Hospital could not be maintained and thousands of unfortunate people, many of them unable to make any payment for service rendered their animals, would be unable to obtain what the Hospital is able to give them.

Receiving no money from city or state or from the Community Fund, it is compelled annually to raise half of the more than a quarter of a million dollars a year of the money needed for its work and the work of the American Humane Education Society.

Second, the Society is constantly being

mistaken for the Animal Rescue League of Boston, another organization seeking the welfare of animals, but the two are distinct organizations.

We only say these things because it is important that the public should know what the actual facts are.

The Contagion of It

OTHER things spread from man to man and house to house by infection besides smallpox, diphtheria, measles and scarlet fever. Pessimism, gloom, hopelessness, despair, travel on their dreary ways after much the same fashion. When half the men you meet tell you the world is on the down grade and will soon skid around some fatal curve and go to smash, that business is never going to pick up and set the wheels of industry whirling again, that morally we are sliding back into night and darkness, you are quite tempted to think they may be right and, catching the germ of this painful disease, go spreading it around among your friends.

True it is that we must pay the price of the most bankrupting war in history. We must face many a dark and threatening day. But just as men and nations have pulled themselves together after times of disaster and seeming ruin, so we are going to again. Blessed be the man who will not surrender his faith either in God or his human kind, who will spread hope and cheer and confidence among his fellows, overcoming by the infection of his nobler spirit the pessimism of the narrow-visioned and the faithless.

Feeding Wild Life in Winter

H. E. WENTWORTH

THE boys were passing the bungalow when she asked, "Where are you two boys going?"

"O, just around the grove to get a rabbit, squirrel, or something."

"I know my grove is not posted," she replied, "and what you plan to do is not illegal; but these timid creatures are all my friends. I feed them through the late fall and winter. I know that you would not care to kill one of my pets just for fun, and besides, the discharge of firearms in the grove might drive many of them away. I love them all, and they are such company for me when the winter weather and deep snow arrive! Let me call in the squirrels."

There followed stories of each squirrel, a cotton-tail rabbit, and even a garter snake that had his retreat in a crevice of the bungalow for two years, always coming out when called.

The boys enjoyed the whole situation hugely, and soon lost all interest in shooting their neighbor's "friends." In

fact, no Middleton sportsman now ever thinks of hunting or trapping in Mrs. Webb's pine grove, which is known as the sanctuary of peace and quiet for all wild life in the neighborhood.

Mrs. Laura Webb, of Middleton, Mass., is not only a lover of nature, but is also a generous provider for nature's wild life, both bird and mammal. Her bungalow, situated in a spacious pine grove, is surrounded by numerous bird-boxes and houses, ground burrows and tree nests, making the whole setting an ideal spot for the protection and comfort of her growing colony of forest friends.

Cotton-tails, ground hogs, skunks, birds, etc., all are welcome in the grove at any time. At present Mrs. Webb has nineteen gray squirrels that will flock to the bungalow twice a day for food at a signal call. One big fellow "Split ear," has been coming regularly for five years. He seems to be the general manager of his "gang" and at the approach of a strange dog will sound the warning for all to scatter among the tall pines.

More than three bushels of grain, seeds, peanuts, etc., are fed to the birds and squirrels during the late fall and winter every year.

A big cat and a dog living at the bungalow have been taught never to annoy the birds or animals in any way.

In regard to hunters, Mrs. Webb's account of meeting two young men with guns shows her to be an adept in strategy as well as in human nature.

Our readers are urged to clip from "Our Dumb Animals" various articles and request local editors to republish. Such copies will be made good by us upon application.

Unusual Photographs

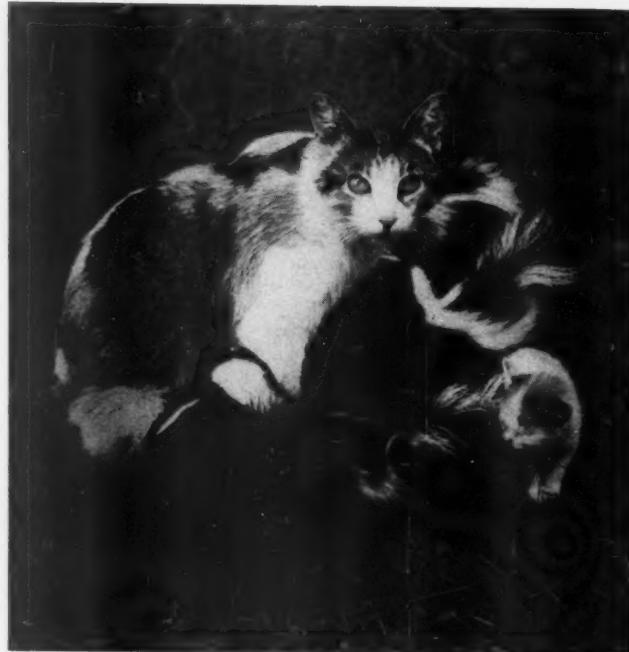
For any "unusual photograph" of animals or birds which may be accepted for publication in "Our Dumb Animals" we offer a cash prize of one dollar.

By "unusual" we do not refer to degree of excellence but to the unusual or odd grouping (as in the picture below) or to some particular pose or arrangement that is quite out of the ordinary.

The picture must be original, never before published, and, if accepted, become the property of this magazine.

Only photographs addressed to "Unusual Photographs," "Our Dumb Animals," 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston, Mass., will be eligible for these prizes.

No photographs will be returned unless accompanied by a stamped and fully addressed return envelope. Do not send loose stamps.



TABBY MOTHERS THE SKUNKS AS WELL AS HER OWN OFFSPRING

Hunting Song

Frances Angevine Gray

"Come," they said, "let us hunt the deer.
Russet and gold are the woods this year.
High and cloudless the autumn sky.
Test the skill of your hand and eye."

But, oh, the wild things' delicate grace
And the innocent look in the young deer's
face!

"Come," they said, "It's a pheasant day.
We'll climb the steep hills over the bay.
The air is wine. It is royal fun
To tramp the meadows with dog and gun."

But the wild, free spirit what can reclaim
Of the bird whose breast was flying flame?

Not to my taste such sport as this—
THERE IS TOO MUCH DEATH IN THE
WORLD AS IT IS!

Photographs from New York State Nature Association



CURIOUS YOUNG WOODCHUCKS



BUSHY-TAIL FINDS A CHOICE MORSEL

FOR the second year the New York State Nature Association, of Albany, held a public exhibition of photographs of wild animals and birds at the Albany Institute of History and Art. Two hundred and forty pictures were shown, from October 30 to November 10.

Both the subjects reproduced here are by Mr. W. J. Schoonmaker, who is presi-

dent of the Nature Association, and who contributed these photographs in the interest of preserving wild life.

Among the objectives of the Association are:

To encourage the study and appreciation of all wild life.

To protect and preserve native wild life, not as game, but as creatures hav-

ing their definite place in the scheme of nature.

To create absolute sanctuaries by the posting of land.

To oppose crow shoots, organized poison campaigns and wholesale animal destruction.

To promote legislation to further the cause.

Wild Babes in the Woods

WILLIAM MACMILLAN

THREE is probably nothing in all the woods more fascinating than the wild things born under thicket and hedge. Weak and helpless, and quite unable to defend themselves, these newcomers to this vale of tears would fall easy prey to the predatory animals lurking in the underbrush if it wasn't for the curtain of protection kindly nature throws about them when they are born.

This protection takes two separate and distinct forms, shape and color. In those rare instances where a forgetful Providence has forgotten to provide the newcomers with lines and angles that fit into their surroundings and virtually render them invisible, she endows them with coloring of fur and feather that can't be distinguished from the bark and leaves and underbrush about them.

When born, the young caribou and deer are just about the most helpless creatures imaginable; juicy morsels for the first flesh-eater to happen along. Once ushered into the world their mothers can do nothing more, momentarily at any rate, for them. Nature, therefore, ever mindful of her children, not only harmonizes the newcomers with their surroundings so that the "eye-hunter" can't spot them, but removes from their tiny bodies all traces of scent that might lure

sharp-nosed wolves and lynxes to the spot.

Few people have had the opportunity of setting eyes on beaver kits but a few hours old. This is just as well, perhaps, because the youngsters lack camouflage of any kind, and protection from prying eyes is highly desirable. Born in their bone-dry bedroom behind foot-thick walls they are usually safe from interference. Many times the size of black bear cubs of equal age they look exactly what they are, pocket editions of their masterly parents.

At birth these particular little babies measure some twelve inches in length, are soft gray in color, and as velvety to the touch as moles. Their eyes are open, and they just sleep and eat till nature prods them into motion.

Nurtured on the richest milk in the land they grow and grow till the mother decides that it is time for them to acquire some swimming and diving tricks. Oddly enough, if forced, for one reason or another, to evacuate the hut they paddle helplessly about in the water till taken in hand and whisked ashore.

Then there's the gray rabbit, an elusive little elf, if there ever was one. Less than four inches long and covered with soft satiny fur, "Their mouths," declare

Stone and Cram, "are forever twitching as if repeating some lesson they fear they might forget."

One might imagine that otters, no matter how young and inexperienced they might be, would be born with a flare for water. Strangely enough, such is not the rule. In the days of their infancy dry land appears to be quite good enough for them. And they have to be carried to the water and ducked by force.

Baby coons are usually born high up in a tree. Blind and helpless, they cry piteously like children and, later, turn shoe-button eyes on a world that must appear hostile and repelling. Comes a fateful day, or night, rather, when the parents decide that a visit to the mysterious world below might not be amiss. Exhibiting astounding patience they train the youngsters how to descend the tree, not rear-end first, but head-down, like the true tree dwellers they are.

Some of our smallest mammals, the harvest-mice, are suckled, some eight and nine to a litter, only for a week. Thrust out into the world at the end of that time to provide room for expected additions, they have to fend for themselves almost as soon as they are weaned, a breath-taking adventure for such helpless little creatures.

My Dog

ARTHUR L. SALMON

*He lays his head upon my knee,
He looks with deep pathetic eyes;
I question and he answers me
With eloquence of mute replies;
A well of love that brimmeth o'er,
A soul of utter faithfulness—
No truest human heart has more,
So many human hearts have less.*

*We speak of love that is more strong
Than death, of love that cannot die,
That weakens not with change or wrong
Nor droops beneath a clouded sky.
This very love of which we speak
That never shrinks with doubt or fear,
That alters not for whim or freak—
This very perfect love is here.*

The Dandie Dinmont Terriers

FORREST FRAZIER

I REMEMBER, when a boy, my favorite book was Scott's "Guy Mannering," and of all the fine characters, who people that book, my favorites were Dandie Dinmont and his terriers, "Pepper" and "Mustard." I wanted above all things to own two dogs like Pepper and Mustard, but I did not then know that such a breed of dogs as the Dandie Dinmont terriers actually existed. I supposed them to be purely fictional.

Sir Walter Scott assures us that Dandie Dinmont was a fictional character. However, a James Davidson, who was one of the tenants of Lord Douglas, fitted the description of Dandie so perfectly that after "Guy Mannering" was published he became known by the name of Dandie Dinmont. This man, aside from having the many characteristics ascribed to Dandie Dinmont, also owned the famous Pepper and Mustard terriers. They received their names accordingly as their coats were grayish-black or yellow.

Davidson and Scott were well known to each other, and it is highly probable that Scott did have him in mind as the prototype of Dandie in spite of his assertion that the character was purely fictional.

Scott owned a pair of Davidson's famous terriers and has left this statement of their characteristics, "The race of Pepper and Mustard are in the highest estimation at this day, not only for vermin killing, but for intelligence and fidelity."

The Dandie Dinmont terrier is still held in the highest esteem, and I believe anyone who has read and enjoyed "Guy Mannering" will always have a soft spot in his heart for these utterly fearless and intelligent little dogs, and will wish to own them not only for their literary associations but because they make the very best of companions.

"Bill," the Hero

A broadcast from Station WOR by

GABRIEL HEATTER

LADIES and Gentlemen: Maybe there is a dog at your house who is holding his head up tonight with just an extra measure of pride. Maybe his tail is up on parade, just an extra notch. Maybe he's heard about a dog in London. Just an every-day dog. Nazi planes came where he lived almost every day. First he looked up puzzled—his soft brown eyes troubled by it, as if he couldn't understand it—then when bombs came crashing down he barked back violently.

And finally neighbors noticed he would always run after firemen fighting fire caused by falling bombs—as if he meant everyone to know he was doing his part. About a week ago people noticed he would come out early and go straight to a hill-top where he took up his post—waited—and looked up at a sky in which he knew planes were hiding behind clouds . . .

And suddenly he would come dashing down a block and barking violently in front of every house—and nine times in ten he was right. The air raid warnings would be heard—and people were amazed to realize—here was a dog who had finally figured it out. Planes overhead spelled danger—he was a lookout—he could sense a plane as fast as any anti-air-craft gun—and when he did, his job was to race up and down this street and bark and warn everyone of danger.

And just before dusk last night a piece of metal caught him as he turned back for one angry challenging bark at a plane overhead—and today people walked behind his body as people might walk behind any great hero—and everyone told of times when "Bill" saved people by shouting an alarm of danger—and how he would never run for cover until he felt everyone was out and safe . . .

And today people marched behind him and wept—and if your dog's head is held just an extra measure high tonight—maybe he has heard about a dog named Bill—just a plain every-day dog who like plain every-day people make you hold your own head up and still believe in a better future—when so much is happening to make you want to hide it in shame.

My hands up in salute for a dog named Bill . . .

San Diego Pet Club

According to Mrs. W. P. B. Prentice, president of the San Diego Humane Society, many children from outlying points in the county are joining the newly-formed Pet Club. All under sixteen years of age are eligible, provided they own a pet and take the Band of Mercy pledge. Buttons for such members are supplied to those who fill out the proper blanks and return them to the Shelter, 3656 Wright Street, San Diego, California. Every Saturday morning some child takes part in a broadcast.



British-Combine

FOR CANINE CASUALTIES IN ENGLAND

The National Air Raid Precaution Animal Committee provides special stretchers and ambulances for dogs injured during air raids over England. This picture shows an airedale "casualty" arriving at the Committee's hospital on the new stretcher-ambulance.

To an English Bulldog

Ruth de Sedts

The loose dewlap and overhanging jowl,
A forehead furrowed to perpetual scowl,
Sticking out your long pink tongue at me
Pleading to lay your head upon my knee.
O, some would say that my besilkened lap
Is not the place to take a bulldog nap,
But secretly I must confess it's so:
I haven't heart nor will to tell you no!
The pleasure's mutual, and if I touch
Your velvet ear caressingly it's much
Too much of ecstasy to bear for one
Who sees in me his world, his heaven, his sun.

Miss Hennessey's Proposal

LAURA E. THOMPSON

MISS HENNESSEY ran down the steps to meet Bob as he was passing her house.

"Come on in and have some dinner," she said in a casual way as though she had known him for a long time.

Bob was surprised but he accepted eagerly. He was down on his luck and his friends were few. Even in his prosperous days women had shown little interest in him. Perhaps his long nose and coarse reddish hair repelled them.

Miss Hennessey and Bob often passed each other on the street and recently she had spoken when they met. He felt sure she liked him. As for Bob, he had never been so strongly attracted by any woman. The fact that she was neither young nor good looking made no difference to him. He looked at her with adoring eyes. Her grizzled hair was a halo and her angular form divine.

Once inside the house, Bob was overcome with embarrassment; at best he was a homely fellow and now he was just a vagrant, unable to keep himself neat and clean. He was hungry for affection and fearful of losing the little he had won.

After dinner Miss Hennessey led the way to the living room and talked to Bob in her friendly way. He no longer felt himself an outcast but he was uneasy and when the hall clock struck ten he rose to leave.

"Don't let my noisy clock frighten you away," Miss Hennessey said, "you might as well stay all night." Ignoring Bob's questioning look, she continued, "I know you are dead tired; you may sleep here on the couch."

Bob had been sleeping in the park and a comfortable bed was luxury to him. He slept soundly till about four o'clock when he was wakened by footsteps on the veranda. He sprang up and ran to the front door but the intruder had left. There was a sound above him, then Miss Hennessey came down the stairs carrying a flashlight.

"Bob," she cried. "You're a darling!"



"WIMPY," OF MACDONALD'S HOTEL,
CAPE NORTH, N. S.

Wimpy meets all the tourist cars and follows his mistress when she escorts her guests to their cabins. He instantly becomes the friend and pet of all who have occasion to stop at this popular tourist home.

I need a pal like you. You may call this home for the rest of your life, but please don't bark at the milkman."

Bob wagged his tail in joyful acceptance.

Isle of Little Dogs

VINCENT EDWARDS

THE German war censors have shut down tight on all news from Paris nowadays. But old habitudes of that once-gay city will never erase from their minds that wooded islet in the Seine, "*L'ile des petits chiens*"—the "Isle of Little Dogs"—where more than 25,000 friends of man lie buried. In a sadly war-torn world it is to be hoped that the invaders of "La Patrie" have left this memorial ground undisturbed.

It was in the year 1898 that all lovers of animals, from the rich to the poorest, started a subscription fund for an animal burial ground. Quick to co-operate, Paris gave the donors this small island which had once been a gathering place for criminals. A famous architect, Eugene Petit, designed the gateway, and,

not to be outdone, the leading landscape architects offered their services without any charge.

Up to now, the cemetery has been carefully maintained by gifts, the entrance fees of one franc, and the sale of plots. Strict rules have been enforced, for all visitors were warned not to walk on the tombs, pick the flowers or commit any other offense against good taste. There, strangers used to see moving sights when whole families came to bury some beloved pet, with the children in tears as they bore the small casket to its last resting-place.

Amid the lovely vista of shaded walks and blooming terraces the silent host have this peaceful association in common. Famous dog heroes lie here, so do the faithful canine friends of great writers, and even "Loulou," the little red hen, is honored by the inscribed tribute of her heart-broken Parisian admirer: "She was my little companion. She laid many eggs. I cry for her."

Visitors always pause before the tomb of "Barry," the heroic dog that rescued forty people from the high mountain snows. For seven

years Barry faced the wild storms of the French Alps, bringing word of lost travelers to his masters, the St. Bernard monks. But at last there came a night when a stranger, mistaking the noble dog's intentions, struck him down with an iron bar. Though mortally wounded, Barry still crawled back to let the monks know of the traveler's plight. In grief-stricken remorse, after his rescue, the man helped to raise the monument to Barry's memory.

But here are other heroes, including "Papillon" and "Turc," two faithful police dogs beside whose stone is a glass case, containing all the medals they won for rescuing drowning children, standing off robbers and saving the victims of fires. A cat is likewise honored for meowing so loudly when gas fumes invaded the trenches that she saved an outpost of poilus. Along one avenue Victor Hugo's noble dog "Griff" is buried. Under Marcel Leguay's words sleeps another staunch friend: "Mystico, my good dog, with shaggy coat and vagabond air, you will never know how much some one has loved you." Somehow, as one thinks



"GOOD NIGHT"

of this spot and the affection poured out by a city in remembrance, there lingers the hope that no harm will ever come to the "Isle of Little Dogs."

Two Authors and Their Pet

ESTHER C. AVERILL

BO'S'N" was no ordinary dog. Both his master and his mistress, the Bestons, of Nobleboro, Maine, are well-known in the literary world. Henry Beston is the author of some half a dozen books, and numerous magazine articles. Mrs. Beston writes under the name of Elizabeth Coatsworth. Her special field is writing for children, but she has several adults novels to her credit, and ranks high as a poet. Many of her children's books have animal characters in them that play important parts. There is one about a fox terrier, and several about cats and kittens. Her story "The Cat that Went to Heaven," won the Newbery award for the most distinguished contribution to American literature for children in 1930. That Mr. Beston and his wife are both nature worshippers is shown in all that they have written.

Life for Bos'n was full of joy. The only grief he knew was to have his family leave him and go journeying to the far places of the earth. No joy exceeded his when they returned to Chimney Farm. He frolicked with the two little girls in the family. They loved him and felt that he was an important part of their home life. As time passed Bos'n grew old. His beautiful shiny black coat began to show gray hairs in it. His legs grew stiff and awkward. He lost his hearing. Then the worst blow of all fell upon him. Bos'n went blind. All too many people would think that the time

they would mourn his passing as a member of their family circle.

Henry Beston wrote about the loss of his pet: "Poor Bos'n! He was a dog saint, old, benevolent, solemn, and kind. I hope he is in some canine Paradise. He had reached the noble age of fifteen, going on sixteen. His departure simply rent us. Bos'n was a Franciscan: he would have made an excellent team-mate with the reformed dog of Gublio."

Creative artists like the Bestons appreciate the friendship of an animal like Bos'n. They are sensitive to the common bond that runs through all life. They were wise enough to value highly the love and loyalty of their pet.

The kiwi, a small bird of New Zealand which is unable to fly, is said to stamp on the ground when hunting for food. This action supposedly tricks worms into coming to the surface for the kiwi to gobble. The worms, it appears, sense the vibration made by the bird's feet, and believe it is raining.

...

The "Big Room" of Carlsbad Caverns in New Mexico, is 4,000 feet long, 625 feet wide and 300 feet high.

In the caverns are found millions of bats, and scientists estimate that during the summer months this bat population consumes a total of eleven and one-half tons of insects nightly.

had come to put their old dog away. But not the Bestons! They feel very strongly that either man or animal who had lived a good life deserves to be honored and cared for tenderly in old age. This was simple to do because all Bos'n wanted was a kind pat on the head, a tidbit to eat, and a warm corner to sleep in. He would lie at the feet of his master for hours, perfectly content to know that the one he loved was near by. At last Bos'n died of old age. His life ended in peace and contentment.

He was an old-fashioned American black bull-terrier, handsome, friendly and loyal. Now, with him gone, Chimney Farm is strangely lonely. The two authors and their little girls who loved him mourn his passing as

For "Pudgy"
Who was killed by a passing car on
May 13, 1939

Salvatore Marsiglia

*I think of you whene'er I see a cat
Whose coat and eyes most matched your
subtle shade;
But, prejudice, in view of what you meant
And all the artful tricks you ever played
Have made me cast a pitying, dubious eye
On other cats who pass me by*

*I feel your dainty paws upon my lap
And hear the gentle murmur of your voice!
Oh, there are things that haunt me, even
now,
Yet, in my foolish sorrow I rejoice.
The tender scraping of your coated
tongue—
The mewling cries when you were young.*

*I sat and watched when, you, with dreamy
glance,
Would gaze upon the goldfish in their bowl;
I knew you well enough to e'en suspect
Their ultimate consumption was your goal.
And with my Dickie-bird you took great care
To look upon temptation as a snare.*

*I see your glowing eyes of amber hue!
They watch me with a warmth I treasure
still.
I have known many cats since your demise,
But none with love have made my heart to
fill;
And I am left with foolish memories
That blow about me like the falling leaves.*

The "American Elk" is a misnomer. This beautiful forest deer was ignorantly so named by the early American colonists, but it bears no resemblance to the true elk of Northern European countries. Rather, it is a species of red deer. The only relative of the true elk in North America is the moose. The American Indians gave the name Wapiti to the deer we so refer to as the elk and leading authorities on wild life prefer to use the Indian name.

T. R. B.



"HEARTY" GOES TO THE "FISH-BOWL"

Winning a Friend

CLAUD RUSSELL

ONE summer evening when the door was open a huge tiger cat strolled in and immediately made himself at home. At first he eyed the Boston bull with some apprehension but when he saw that "Spud" was friendly, he went over and proceeded to help himself to Spud's food. He was the largest cat I ever saw and there wasn't a bit of surplus fat on his huge frame. This night he ate ravenously and then curled up contentedly on the floor. For four days he stayed around and I thought he had adopted the place for home, and nicknamed him "Alley," since he was a stray alley cat. However, one could plainly see from his actions around the house that he had at sometime been someone's pet. He and Spud became great pals and had many a friendly romp together.

However, at the end of a few days, he disappeared for awhile. I thought perhaps he had been struck by a car, but I couldn't find any trace of him around the neighborhood. A few weeks later he returned again. He did this for about six months. When he got hungry, he would drop around and get fed up and rested for awhile and then disappear.

One night after he had been gone a couple of weeks, I heard him meowing loudly alongside the adjoining house. He did not come when I called, which was rather unusual, but just crouched alongside the house as though he were afraid of me. I gradually approached him and brought him into the house. I could see immediately that something was decidedly wrong. At first it looked as though someone had taken a knife and cut a slit clear around the poor animal's neck. On closer examination I found that some child had put a rubber band around Alley's neck and it was still there. In a frantic endeavor to get it off, he had clawed until his neck was raw and it was an open sore clear around his neck. I took the rubber band carefully off; painted the sore with some antiseptic and put some vaseline on it. In the course of a few weeks it healed up and the fur grew there again, leaving no traces of the sore. From then on though, Alley decided to abandon his wandering habits. He just adopted the place as home and never left except for an hour or two at a time. When my work carried me to another city, I gave him to my grandmother who lived alone. He immediately made himself at home and she became very attached to him. I often thought that the thoughtless child who slipped that rubber band around his neck should have realized that his act caused the poor animal untold suffering and could easily have caused him slow death from infection had it not been removed.



POSTMAN GEORGE REE, OF VICTORIA, B. C., WITH HIS TWELVE-YEAR-OLD CAT, "KELLY"

Postman Has Loyal Chum

WHEN George Ree, a familiar figure around the busy streets of Victoria, B. C., in his neat blue uniform and peaked cap, steps off the street car each evening, he is met by his most loyal friend—a twelve-year-old, gray-striped cat, "Kelly." For several years, Kelly has met the evening car to greet Mr. Ree on his return home from work. And just as regularly, the postman and his pet enter the little corner store where an ice-cream cone is purchased. Then, mounted on his master's shoulder, Kelly eats his cone as the two chums stroll homeward.

The Keenest Hearing

L. E. EUBANKS

ONE of the first things ever noted about cats was their uncanny ability to see in the dark. Also, people marveled at the feline calmness and independence. For a long time, too, the "nine lives" superstition was taken seriously. But cats have another seldom-mentioned but most important possession: they can hear the slightest sound. As E. A. Brooks says, "Why shouldn't they hear perfectly, when they have 'double ears'?"

The next time you pet a cat notice that little pocket-like formation on the ear. You will find it on the outer rim rather close to the head. These pockets, the naturalists tell us, are bursas, so called

because of their resemblance to a purse. It is these bursas, some claim, that give kitty the acute hearing so necessary in catching mice. Puss can plainly hear the merest scratch, squeak or scurry. Her sense of smell is keen, but it is not to be compared to the keenness of her ears.

But the bursa is not a hearing aid in the generally accepted sense; a very learned and authoritative naturalist disagrees with the explanation given. Nor does he think it a freakish and unnecessary adjunct like the human appendix. The bursa has its use, he says, but not to increase hearing. Members of the canine family wear bursas, but smell is usually their keenest sense.

The important question, however, was finally settled to everyone's satisfaction after a long and tedious vigil watching a cat trying to find a mouse in a closed room. The little pocket ears are locators of sound, it was decided. But, after all, in serving this purpose, they do

certainly help in hearing.

Bursas appear on the big cats—lions, tigers, leopards, pumas, and the like. They form part of the hearing apparatus for dogs, wolves and foxes, but they are missing on jackals and hyenas, which are scavengers and carrion eaters, seldom making their own kill. The pocket ears do not appear on any of the bear tribe, which are, generally speaking, vegetarians.

Nature is a saving lady. These auxiliary ears aid those animals who need them. They are fully developed on the predatory creatures, from the largest to the smallest, and are from small to practically non-existent on those which prefer an almost vegetarian diet. Thus the raccoons, opossums, civets and their kind have small bursas, while weasels, martens and stoats have them fully developed. In badgers, woodchucks and skunks they are very small. The otter, although a killer, has no need of such hearing aids as his fishing is all done under water. Sight is what he has to depend on.

Scientifically, the bursa is termed "a specialized feature in carnivora;" its disappearance is a marked sign of the degeneration of the ear.

All people should take part in feeding the birds in cold and snowy weather. Bread crumbs and seeds of various kinds should be mercifully given to them.

Our Dumb Animals

Published on the first Tuesday of each month by the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, 46 Central Street, Norwood, Massachusetts. Boston Office: 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston, Mass., to which all communications should be addressed.

Dr. FRANCIS H. BOWLEY, President
GUY RICHARDSON, Editor
WILLIAM M. MORRILL, Assistant

JANUARY, 1941

FOR TERMS, see back cover.

AGENTS, to take orders for *Our Dumb Animals*, are wanted everywhere. Liberal commissions are offered.

EDITORS of all periodicals who receive this publication this month are invited to reprint any of the articles with or without credit.

MANUSCRIPTS relating to animals, particularly prose articles of about three hundred words, are solicited. We do not wish to consider prose manuscripts longer than 500 words nor verse in excess of twenty-four lines. The shorter the better. All manuscripts should be typewritten and an *addressed envelope with full return postage* enclosed with each offering.

The cost of the last war—the Great War—1914-1918—would have paid the expenses of our Government from 1791 to 1914—one hundred and twenty-three years. One million dollars an hour for more than two years.

. . .

Dr. Harris, who for many years was Commissioner of Education in the United States, made the following statement before a large body of teachers:

"If a boy is cruel, he must be educated out of his cruelty; if not, he will become a bad citizen, and eighty per cent of that class, sooner or later, will be supported by the nation as criminals. It is less expensive to educate in humanity than support as criminals later in life."

. . .

In the report of the United States Fish and Wild Life Service, we are told that in 1940 it is estimated that there are somewhere in the neighborhood of 65,000,000 migratory water-fowl on this continent—that this indicates an increase of about 15 per cent in the water-fowl population since 1939, though the population is still far below that of twenty years ago when there were probably twice as many migratory water-fowl.

. . .

Kensington Gardens, London, where many dogs are exercised, has been selected by the Royal S. P. C. A. and the National Canine Defence League for the first animal refuge. The two societies will jointly bear the expense of the erection of this refuge, to hold thirty-six dogs. If the experiment is a success it will be extended to other localities. These shelters will be used for dogs, while the owners may utilize the public shelters where dogs are not admitted.

Cruelty in the Movies

A LETTER appeared recently in the *Boston Daily Record* severely criticizing the moving-picture producers for the cruelties constantly appearing in the pictures, and stating that if the societies for the prevention of cruelty to animals were less interested in securing money to carry on their work and more interested in preventing cruelty, this would be stopped.

We wrote a reply, insisting that the greater part of what had been done to prevent such cruelties had been accomplished by the humane societies of the country, and that they were far less than they used to be. A letter appeared soon after in the *Record*, purporting to be written by Mr. Hearst himself, in which he cited such cases as "horses' being hog-tied and tripped head over heels."

Mr. Richard C. Craven, representative of the American Humane Association, permanently in California to deal with this matter of cruelties in the moving-pictures, writes Dr. Rowley as follows: "This was true up to a short time ago, but the better companies have given it up at my request. Among the companies that have ceased using this device (known as the Running W) are Paramount, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, Columbia, Universal, Warner Brothers, Republic, Monogram, Harry Sherman Productions, and some others, while I doubt if any studio will actually use it, lest such act should lead to a campaign against the studio, with a possibility also of the picture's being banned in England by the British Board of Film Censors. Yet, until I came here, the Running W received the approval of humane officers (?) who were employed by the motion-picture companies."

He further says, "No one knows better than you that every improvement in animal conditions has been forced by humane sentiment fostered by and expressed through our societies."

A Word to the Lawmakers

"The bear is the most harmless animal in the wood," says a Maine game warden. "He sleeps all winter and lives on roots and berries in the summer—those of them that escape the trapper. I have never heard that a bear ever killed a human being. A bear has a gentle, forgiving disposition. Bear hunting and trapping furnish the excuse for a certain class of men to be in the woods with traps and guns when all other game is protected. It affords an excuse to cover up all the other lawless killing. I have stood up for the bear and preached for his protection for ten years and, while I do not know whether I have made any impression on the bear, I am pretty sure I have made none on the lawmakers."

Killing by the Thousands

THE Biological Survey, at present under the direction of the Department of the Interior, according to the last published report, during the fiscal years from 1934 to 1938, for what is known as "Predator and Rodent Control," has spent of the taxpayers' money, \$11,815,229.

Chiefly through the western states vast quantities of poisons have been scattered, professedly to relieve the cattle- and sheep-raisers and farmers in general from such wild animals as coyotes, wolves, bobcats, lynxes, bears and mountain lions. In the attempt to control the rodent evils, the treatment of 29,204,282 acres infested with prairie dogs, ground squirrels, pocket gophers, jack rabbits, porcupines, field mice, cotton rats, kangaroo rats and woodchucks, was given.

The Survey also admits spending \$3,600,923 for destroying our native animals and birds, of which \$1,125,800 admittedly came out of the Federal emergency funds, extracted from the taxpayer ostensibly to relieve human needs and unemployment.

This destruction by violent poisons and trapping has been going on for many years. Undoubtedly in some cases many of these animals have proved destructive and should be exterminated, but who will ever know the number of valuable birds and certain other animals which meanwhile are also being exterminated?

A public protest against this reckless killing of American fauna should be made by every humanitarian in the land. A letter to the Department of the Interior will at least do something to reduce this great evil.

Going South

Men of all lands for generations have wondered what that strange something is in the heart of the bird which leads it year by year to make its long flights, now to the South as the winter comes, and then again to the North as spring and summer return. Even the famous Greek, Aristotle, dwelt upon this subject, and even kept a record of these flights as he observed them, and it is said that as late as 1703 a learned writer of that period was of the opinion that these birds flew to the moon for the winter. We question his being very learned.

Where they go and when they return is now quite scientifically determined, since banding of many of these migratory birds has become a common practice. Small birds, it is said, travel by night, thus avoiding their larger bird enemies. The great birds, like the waterfowl, make the journeys by day, resting and feeding by night.

Please remember the Massachusetts S. P. C. A. when making your will.



Founded by Geo. T. Angell. Incorporated March, 1868

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Pittsfield, 224 Cheshire Road

Attleboro, 3 Commonwealth Avenue

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NOVEMBER REPORT OF THE OFFICERS OF THE MASSACHUSETTS S. P. C. A., WITH HEADQUARTERS AT BOSTON, METHUEN, SPRINGFIELD, PITTSFIELD, ATTLEBORO, WENHAM, HYANNIS, WORCESTER, FITCHBURG, NORTHAMPTON, HAVERHILL, HOLYOKE, ATHOL, TAUNTON, COVERING THE ENTIRE STATE

Miles traveled by humane officers	13,979
Cases investigated	268
Animals examined	6,779
Animals placed in homes	235
Lost animals restored to owners	72
Number of prosecutions	4
Number of convictions	4
Horses taken from work	10
Horses humanely put to sleep	64
Small animals humanely put to sleep	1,732
Horse auctions attended	12
Stockyards and Abattoirs	
Animals inspected	58,711
Cattle, swine and sheep humanely put to sleep	31

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Telephone 4-7355
53-57 Bliss Street, Springfield, Mass.

Veterinarians

A. R. EVANS, V.M.D. H. L. SMEAD, D.V.M.

HOSPITAL REPORT FOR NOVEMBER

At 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston

Cases entered in Hospital	804
Cases entered in Dispensary	1,893
Operations	346

At Springfield Branch, 53 Bliss Street

Cases entered in Hospital	188
Cases entered in Dispensary	698
Operations	133

At Attleboro Clinic, 3 Commonwealth Ave.

Cases entered	61
Totals	
Hospital cases since opening, Mar. 1, 1915	188,987
Dispensary Cases	476,325
Total	665,312

Trapping for Fur

The attempt to defend from the charge of cruelty the methods by which the most of our furs are secured is idle. The facts are well known. When it is said that "the trap or the rifle gives the victim a comparatively painless death," we are willing to admit this, so far as the rifle is in the hands of an expert, but it is wholly untrue with regard to the traps by which the vast majority of fur-bearing animals are captured. It was said by one, trying to justify the fur trade, that "it is a force, making for the conservation of wild life." From the reports of the multitudes of skins annually sold, we would suggest that the word "conservation" be changed to "extermination."

Auxiliaries of Mass. S. P. C. A.

Women's Auxiliary of the Mass. S. P. C. A., 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston—Mrs. EDITH WASHBURN CLARKE, Pres.; Mrs. WILLIAM E. UNDERWOOD, Treas.; Mrs. GEORGE D. COLPAS, Ch. Work Com. First Friday.

Springfield Branch Auxiliary—Mrs. MORTON B. MINER, Pres.; Mrs. HERBERT T. PAYNE, Treas. Second Thursday.

Winchester Branch Auxiliary—Mrs. EDITH WASHBURN CLARKE, Pres.; Mrs. JOHN HAMILTON CLARKE, Treas.

How to Reform the Slaughter-House

TRANSPLANT it from its place of obscurity on the outskirts of the city to the thickly-settled section of the city itself, fill its outer walls with 10,000 windows, so that all passers-by can see the treatment the animals are subjected to whose flesh they are to eat, and the reforms demanded by our humane societies will be speedily secured. The now ignorant, indifferent public will cry out against the cruelties associated with the killing of the more than 100,000,000 food animals annually slaughtered in this country.

To see these unfortunate victims hurried on their way to death, frightened by the strange sights and sounds and odors of the slaughter-house, jerked up by a hind leg, the most of them, and, so suspended, bleeding slowly to death from the knife's gash in the throat, would be to stir the indignant protest of all who witnessed such scenes.

Massachusetts the Leader in Humane Legislation

To have enacted in 1641 legislation in defense of animals puts Massachusetts to the front in this respect. Under the title "Liberties of the Brute Creature," the Colony of Massachusetts Bay in the above year enacted the following:

"Ch. 91. No man shall exercise any Tiranny or Crueltie towards any brute Creatures which are usuallie kept for man's use.

"Ch. 92. If any man shall have occasion to leade or drive Cattel from place to place that is far off so that they be weary or hungry or fall sick or lambe, it shall be lawful to rest or refresh them for a competent time in any open place that is not Corne, meadow or enclosed for some peculiar use."

This bit of ancient history was brought to light by Mr. Charles C. Bell, of Andover, Massachusetts, as the result of an interesting article in the *Boston Transcript* on the work of our American Humane Education Society.

The Lost Dog

While it is true that dog thieves are always at work in cities, many dogs are lost to their owners through the failure to keep on the dog's neck a collar with owner's name and license number. Dogs, valuable ones, are frequently brought to us with collars on, but with no means of identification on the collar. Why not protect your dog from the sad lot of the lost, the homeless, and the strayed?

Please remember the American Humane Education Society, Boston, in your will.



Founded by Geo. T. Angell

Incorporated 1889

For rates of membership in both of our Societies see back cover. Checks should be made payable to Treasurer.

Officers of the American Humane Education Society
180 Longwood Avenue, Boston, Mass.

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180 Longwood Ave., Boston

Field Workers of the Society

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Mrs. James D. Burton, Harriman, Tennessee

Mrs. Katherine Weathersbee, Atlanta, Georgia

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Rev. John W. Lemon, Ark, Virginia

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Mrs. Jennie R. Toomim, Slaton, Texas

Seymour Carroll, Columbia, South Carolina

Rev. R. E. Griffith, De Land, Florida

Field Representative

Dr. Wm. F. H. Wentzel, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

Field Lecturer in Massachusetts

Ella A. Maryott

SUMMARY OF ACTIVITIES OF FIELD WORKERS FOR NOVEMBER, 1940

Number of Bands of Mercy formed, 1,070

Number of addresses made, 303

Number of persons in audiences, 46,503

Gifts for Retired Workers

WE are receiving gifts to the American Humane Education Society as a trust fund, the interest to be used for the benefit of field missionaries and others who have spent their lives in promoting humane education. Already several cases have come to our attention and are being relieved in this way. We will welcome your contribution to this fund.

Please make checks payable to Treasurer, American Humane Education Society, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston, and specify that the amount contributed is for the Humane Education Trust Fund.

J. Edgar Hoover and Humane Education

THE report of J. Edgar Hoover, Chief of the Federal Bureau of Investigation, on youthful crime, puts a new and striking value upon the work of the American Humane Education Society among the youth of this country.

When he says that from January 1, 1939, to September 30, 1939, children in the United States under 15 years of age were arrested for four murders, 47 assaults, 50 robberies, 163 auto thefts, 824 burglaries, and 911 larcenies, one cannot help wondering how much greater these figures would have been had not the American Humane Education Society, in something over a generation, through its workers, particularly in the schools of this country, been able to meet and talk to more than seven million children, gathering them into little humane groups known as Bands of Mercy, because the whole purpose of this humane education work is to quicken and foster in the heart of the child the spirit of justice and fair play toward all life.

The great majority of these youthful criminals are reached in the schools as nowhere else. Multitudes of the homes from which these children come have given them no moral training, no respect for law; tens of thousands of them never see a Sunday-school, but the vast majority of them can be reached in the various public schools of the States of the Union.

Furthermore, Mr. Hoover makes what he calls the more disheartening statement that "youths less than 21 years of age constitute 20 per cent of all persons arrested in the United States. Almost 13 per cent of the murderers, 30 per cent of the robbers, 47 per cent of the burglars, 34 per cent of the thieves and 53 per cent of the auto thieves with whom the law enforcement officers of America must deal are youths who have not yet reached the voting age."

How thoroughly right he is when he says, "The task we face is simply a question of education. Education in the classroom, the churches, civil organizations, clubs and societies."

We quote these words from the distinguished head of the Federal Bureau of Investigation to re-emphasize our own plea for contributions for the work of Humane Education as the fundamental principle on which the American Humane Education Society was founded—the first of its kind in this or any other land, and undoubtedly the greatest service to humanity ever rendered by George Thorndike Angell, its founder.

Men still say that war always has been and always will be. So for ages men thought about slavery. But many thrones are dust from which once issued the voices that ruled the world!

A Deserved Tribute

MANY of our readers have been more or less familiar with the work of Mrs. Nora T. Gause, secretary of the Kokomo Humane and Audubon Society, Kokomo, Indiana. Among the oldest and most devoted of humane workers throughout this broad land is Mrs. Gause, now ninety years of age.

A friend who knows her well has paid a beautiful tribute to her in an Indiana paper. In this tribute it is said, "Those of us fortunate enough to know Mrs. Gause and come under her influence are stronger and better because our lives have touched hers. Our sympathies are broader and deeper because we have clasped hands with this remarkable gentlewoman. Modern writers have almost discontinued the use of the word 'gentlewoman.' I use it here and use it advisedly for I know no word that better describes the fine qualities and rare character of Nora Gause. Her life has been 'pure in its purpose' and strong in battling for the rights of our dumb friends, the animals and birds. With no thought of self she has gone through summer's heat and winter's cold on missions of mercy to save some helpless creature from suffering. A woman modest, gentle, unassuming, quiet, but a brave and courageous fighter for her ideals, ideals that every thoughtful man and woman admires and applauds."

Mrs. Clinton Pinckney Farrell

The recent death of Mrs. Clinton Pinckney Farrell, president of the Vivisection Investigation League, New York City, is a sad and serious loss to the great humane cause.

Devoted as Mrs. Farrell was to the strong organization of which she was president, she was a woman too wise and too broad in her thinking to antagonize anyone who might not have been able to go with her the whole distance in her opposition to what she felt was cruelty. She took into her friendship with a kindly welcome anyone who was willing, in any degree whatsoever, to co-operate with her in the protection of that vast and so often defenseless animal world whose interest lay so heavily on her heart.

Child Labor Day

For thirty-five years, the last week-end in January has been designated as Child Labor Day. Churches, schools, women's organizations and civic agencies have taken this occasion to rally public sentiment against the exploitation of children.

If you wish to join in the observance on January 25, 26 or 27, write to the National Child Labor Committee, 419 Fourth Avenue, New York City.

A Letter from England

OUR readers may be glad to see a word from a letter just received by us from an English friend whose large estate makes it possible for him to do much for many unfortunate victims of the cruel war.

He writes that he has some twenty unfortunate women in his home, of whom he speaks as "my family of cripples." They are from a home in London which they have had to abandon and, though all of them are more or less badly crippled, they do "really beautiful embroidery work for which, fortunately, they still find a good market. After tea they play all sorts of games and all go to bed at about 9 P. M.

He says, "I have another type of evacue here in the form of over thirty head of cattle from Kent. In the more dangerous zones there have been some horrible cases of mutilation of cattle by bombs. We have a very well-organized society called NARPAC (National Air-raid Protection of Animals Committee) to look after welfare of all animals suffering from the war. Their chief work is the salvage of animals left in or escaped from bombed houses. They do what they can also in the case of animals bombed in country districts, but there must always, I fear, be more or less delay before they are found and humanely destroyed.

"We do rejoice in the help of every kind that in such vast quantities is arriving here daily from your country. The amount of money from the Red Cross that comes in a continuous stream from you is really astounding, considering your crushing taxation."

Humane Sunday in Boston

One of the outstanding events on Humane Sunday, opening the annual Be Kind to Animals Week in Boston, is the visit of the distinguished writer and lecturer, Mr. Thornton W. Burgess of Springfield, Mass.

Mr. Burgess, who is a director of the Massachusetts S. P. C. A., once more will lecture under the auspices of the Society in the lecture hall of the Boston Public Library, Copley Square. This season his title will be, "Making Friends with Animals and Birds," and, as usual, he will show both still pictures and movies. The lecture will be free to all who come before the hall is filled.

Please make a note now of the place and time. Boston Public Library, Boylston Street entrance, Copley Square, 3:30 P. M., Sunday, April 20, 1941. Doors open at 2 P. M.

...

The hummingbird, smallest of all birds, migrates all the way from Alaska to Brazil. It can fly in any direction, even backward, but it cannot walk. Crossing the Gulf of Mexico, it flies over 500 miles at a stretch.

The Outmoded Ox

HARRIET SMITH HAWLEY



A STURDY OUTFIT BEFORE THE AGE OF SPEED

No one in this machine age of express trains, clippers and tractors would think of coveting his neighbor's ox, for the simple reason, I presume, that to the most of us the ox is about as outmoded as the dinosaur. Many city folks have never seen one, let alone knowing how a good yoke of oxen works.

Yet the fact remains that not only was the ox one of the most revered animals of antiquity, having with his quiet eye surveyed from his cave stable the birth of civilization, but is yet in the more primitive countries the strength of the man on the soil.

In our own colonization, these strong, sturdy yoke-fellows uprooted trees, drew out rocks, carried them on stone-boats for the foundations of houses and barns, or for the building of the miles of stone walls that our forefathers needed around their pasture lots and meadow lands. Oxen made roads where no roads were. In winter they pushed through the drifts and hauled the sleds loaded with wood from the forests. They plowed the fields, drew to the barns the loads of hay, while whole families behind them rode to town in the stout two-wheeled ox-cart. Oxen drew the covered wagons that creaked ever westward. And the most prized gift that any farmer's boy could have, was a pair of matched steers. His to break with the long goad stick as he shouted in strident tones those guiding terms of "Haw" and "Gee" in imitation of his dad.

Oxen in our country districts are now few and far between. Only at state fairs do we find them, coming in pairs, handsome Devons, their mahogany sides gleaming like satin and their long horns polished and brass nubbed. Coming to demonstrate their pulling strength on cattle day when as of old they will be put before an old stone-boat to exert their best efforts. Then with blue ribbons or red ribbons they will be driven home, or perhaps for a goodly price, sold to some well-to-do farmer who wants a pair on his estate to give it atmosphere.

Only in the more primitive and rugged sections are oxen still used. Perhaps the white oxen of Nova Scotia, plodding along with their creaking carts, are one of the charms of that scenic province.

Indeed were Moses writing the tenth commandment today he would not along with a wife and servants warn, "Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's ox." Rather, I fancy, would it be his motor-car.

And whether as Isaiah prophesied in those days of peace to come, "The lion shall eat straw like the ox," remains yet to be demonstrated.

God's Garden

Edith Oard McCoy

*From the Great White Light
Where the Great Ones dwell
God THOUGHT, and planned
His Universe well.
Then this wonderful Garden we call our
earth,
In aeons past came into birth,
Brought forth its myriad of life and form
That the Spirit of God had breathed upon,
And God said "Let them evolve and grow
Into my image; I WILL it so.
The greater shall have dominion for good
Over the lesser, as well they should.
Of their free will let them mercy show,
As I above, so they below.
Then shall be answered their prayers to me
As they do to these LEAST, THEIR REWARD
SHALL BE."*

The Mockingbird of Florida

Anna F. Ford

O! bird of sunny southern clime,
Your melodies seem half divine,
A message from beyond the blue,
In variations ever new.

From out your slender, supple throat,
Flows many a liquid heavenly note,
In-filling all the air around,
With waves of vibrant, glorious sound.

Your quiet coat of gray is seen,
An emblem of a soul serene,
Yet, soon you rise to maddening trill
With trembling ecstasy a-thrill.

Your brothers, of another clime,
Are not forgotten in my rhyme.
Each has his special song to sing,
As harbinger of lovely spring.

One calls for rain, to bring him food
And then proclaims that "God is good."
One scolds, one mourns, one says "All's
well."
Each has his little tale to tell.

These cheery messengers of love,
All lift our minds and hearts above,
And strike a kindred spark in man
As nature's music ever can.

But under Southern skies today
My song is not of "far away,"
But, of the kindly troubadour,
Partaking of my daily store.

The mockingbird, whose wondrous throat
Attunes itself to every note,
And to our eager senses brings
A harp that plays a thousand strings.

A New Animal

CHARLES R. DUTTON

A few months ago it was announced that ornithologists had discovered two new birds, (*Our Dumb Animals*, April, 1940) and now from Harvard University comes the announcement that a new animal has joined our list of known mammals. This recently discovered creature is a species of wild ox and is found in the forests of Indo-China. It is a distant relative of our present-day domesticated cow.

The new animals are called by the name of "koupreys" and are the first new genus of large, living mammals to be discovered since 1900.

In his monograph on the subject, Harold J. Coolidge, Jr., Harvard's assistant curator of mammals, declares that there are still about 1,000 of the koupreys still roaming in Indo-China but they are in danger of total extinction unless immediate steps for their preservation are taken.

OUR DUMB ANIMALS

Robins in January

MARIE E. KOLZ

ROBINS to cheer one in January! To a man facing a blizzard, that seems absurd. With a bitterly cold wind whizzing along, driving snow pitilessly against each passerby, what hope would there be for a robin's surviving the storm?

With snow entering every crevice and being whirled around this way and that until the most sheltered nooks are covered with a snowy mantle, there is no place for a robin to live. However, at that time the robins are doing their daily bit of cheering and they would be right there in the midst of the storm if they could.

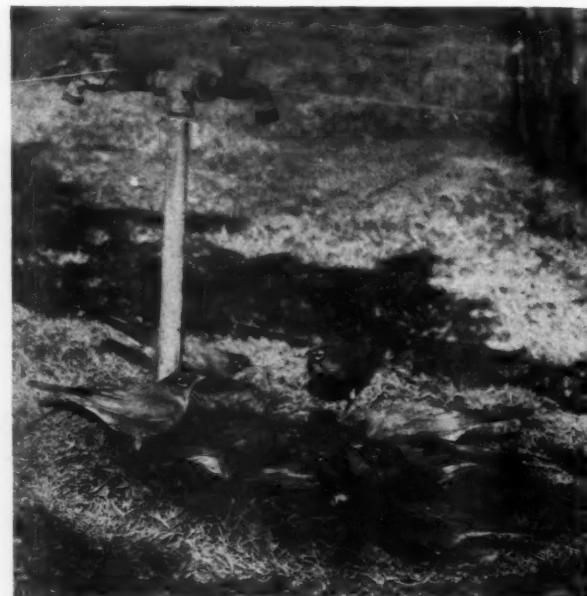
Where are the robins in January, and whom are they cheering? They linger as long as they dare in parts of the country where the winters are severe. Then, knowing they must migrate, away they fly to a place with an open winter, a place where they can find food and whatever shelter they need.

In California and other parts of the United States that have a semi-tropical climate, robins are seen by the thousands in January and other winter months. They add to the beauty of life and its happiness wherever they go for they are one of the most charming of man's feathered friends and one of the most cheerful.

How happy is the robin's song of joy! He puts such a cheery note into his song that it finds a responding echo in the hearts of his human friends, brightening their day and each deed thereof. And the robin's friends are legion.

Feeling secure in the friendship of man, robins go about their business contentedly although people may be passing by a few feet away. How proudly a robin walks over a newly sprinkled lawn with his eyes cocked for the welcoming sight of a fat, juicy worm! Soon his sharp eyes spy what he is looking for and he drives his bill far down, at the same time bracing himself for a long, hard pull if necessary.

Usually after a few hard tugs, the earthworm is loosened and the robin is happy in his conquest. During nesting time, away he flies to his home to feed the hungry babies there. That duty done, back he goes to secure more food, for much is needed by that little family, of which he is justly proud.



U. S. Bureau, Biological Survey

ROBINS ENJOYING FOOD AND DRINK

The brave robin is willing to give his life in protecting his family if necessary. Fortunately most people—men, women, and children—love the robins, so never harm them and will not tolerate anyone else's doing so. Robins quickly recognize their human friends and show deep appreciation of them through their sociability and trust.

How worthy these feathered creatures are of our protection and love. They are man's true friends, especially so the farmer's, and repay him many times over for the few cherries or other fruit they eat. Every year robins destroy thousands of insects that are injurious to field crops, gardens and flowers.

When spring arrives, the robins hurry back to the places where they spent the warmer weather the year before. What a thrill it is to the people there when they hear the first robin of spring! Joyfully the word is passed around, "There is a robin! Spring is here at last!"

Some robins arrive so early that a snow storm may come after they make their appearance. What to do! Food is covered! It is cold, bitterly cold! Friends of the cheery birds should come to their rescue, for "A friend in need is a friend indeed!" Those chilly feathered friends are truly friends in need during the days of the storm.

Scatter some food for the hungry little birds. They will appreciate it, and, with food to nourish them, they can stand the cold quite well. How joyfully and thankfully the robins will come to the table

you set for them! How eagerly they will eat!

Then when the sun comes out again, clear, sweet songs will fill the air. Listen! Isn't that liquid melody and the happy look in the robin's eye the grandest thanks you ever received from man's truest feathered friend, the beautiful, cheerful robin? He is one friend who never fails to show his appreciation through his trust in us and by his happy, gladdening song.

A Unique Feeder

FERN BERRY

QUITE by accident we discovered how much pleasure our winter bird visitors, as well as a frisky red squirrel, could get from a pumpkin, broken in half and placed where they could get at it. How the nuthatches enjoy the plump pumpkin seeds! They seem to enjoy delving into the mass of pulp to pull them out, and we noticed that several of the birds ate the pulp as well as the seeds.

A big pumpkin had frosted and we placed it on the rubbish barrel to be carried away. Soon it was the scene of a bird feast, and we were given an idea. We placed the seed filled pulp of both pumpkin and squash for the birds all winter. Chickadees like the nut-like seeds as well as bluejays, starlings and cardinals. Squirrels also like the seeds and will most likely act greedily by filling their cheeks full, to be whisked away to their own cubbyholes.

Since we have lots of winter rain with ice and sleet, as well as snow, we contrived a feeding station which would not let the food get wet or frozen or be blown away by the average wintry blasts.

A large, shallow, wooden chopping bowl was used, and a small hole bored through the center-bottom. A nail will split the wood usually. A large spike was driven through this hole and into a post three or four feet high. The post was set into the ground during the summer and was sheltered by an evergreen hedge, yet was within sight of our kitchen window. The bowl was partly filled with a mixture of wheat, cracked corn, sunflower seed, rice, weed seed, and green leaves from the alfalfa mow of a farmer friend.

An old kitchen-table oilcloth served as a cover for this unique feeding station. It was cut into a round piece and an elastic run all around the edge to make a tight fitting cover. This was one of our "chores" to place this over our station after dark and remove it very early. Cardinals will come before the sun is up. But, we were more than repaid by our loyal bird friends, even a roving flock of evening grosbeaks. We attracted and kept a robin as well as the more hardy winter birds.

Protecting Arctic Waterfowl

W. J. BANKS



THE BLUE GOOSE AND ITS NEST

UNDER the Migratory Birds Treaty the United States and Canada work hand in hand for the protection and welfare of the feathered folk who are yearly commuters between the two nations. This co-operation was typified in a recent expedition to James Bay for the purpose of investigating conditions relating to waterfowl and shore-birds in that region of the sub-Arctic. The survey was made by representatives of both countries.

The international party traveled 825 miles by motorboat, visiting settlements on both shores of the southern arm of Hudson Bay. A study of ducks, geese and snipe was made on the broad coastal marshes while Akimiski and Charlton islands were visited. A special inspection of the Hannah Bay Waterfowl Sanctuary disclosed great flocks of waterfowl and shore-birds feeding tranquilly, though a number of Indians and a few white men were hunting outside the boundaries of the preserve.

The most important of the migratory game birds of the James Bay area are the mysterious blue geese. Only in quite recent times have ornithologists recognized this as a separate species, and found the breeding and winter feeding grounds on Baffin Land and the Louisiana coast respectively. Many of the habits of the blue goose and the reasons for his strange ways still remain secret. Great flocks of blue geese were found feeding by James Bay, having started

the southward journey which would later pass through Manitoba and down the Mississippi valley.

The preservation of the blue goose and other species is a matter of mutual interest to the two nations and the joint expedition to the sub-Arctic is a striking manifestation of their ever-closer co-operation and understanding.

Time Off to Wash Swans

We get another slant on the many-sided British character from the news story about the hand-laundered swans, says *The Times*, Gloucester, Mass. Those poor birds had got terribly messed up by the thick oil in the Thames river, from dud bombs. Their pride was hurt, for swans are normally not only very dignified, but very clean. They nearly died from overwork, trying to clean themselves.

So the Royal Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals came to their rescue. It took 30 swans from the river between bombings, washed them with soap flakes, and put them back in a stretch of water farther upstream, where it was clean. And were those swans pleased and grateful!

The least weasel found in western Canada and Alaska, is said to be the smallest carnivore in the world. The Kodiak bear, also of Alaska, is the largest carnivorous animal in the world.

Lines to a Collie Dog

Belva Bancroft MacBride

You are silent now and still. Hushed is my heart
 Above the verdant mound that marks your grave;
 It matters not to others you are gone,
 They could not know that you were fine and brave.

To them you're just another dog, I know;
 But you are more than just a dog to me;
 No friend of mine has ever measured up
 To all your courage or your loyalty.
 With poignant mem'ry, I recall the nights
 We roamed together through the quiet streets;

Your sturdy body, trembling with delight,
 Your tail, a joyous wave of bragging beats.
 How many times, with impish artifice,
 You challenged me to join you in your play;
 And while I rested from our merry romp,
 You found a precious bone to store away.
 Now you are gone. No wild excited bark
 Will answer to my call of soft commanding,
 No ponderous paw be proffered me again
 In deep and silent, canine understanding.

Father Tibesar, Friend to Wild Life

KATHLEEN BLAKE

UP in Rollingstone, Minnesota, you will find a priest, tall, kindly, gentle, who has so endeared himself to the wild animals about that it is said the wild geese and ducks refuse to desert him to fly north in spring or south in fall. Father Tibesar has built his own game refuge. It consists of eight acres on the edge of town. For twelve years or more he's been collecting its residents.

If you were a stranger in this southern Minnesota town you might receive rather a shock, running into a herd of fourteen deer, for instance, just beyond the village. They probably wouldn't run away from you. They are Father Tibesar's pets, so used to coming at his call for their treat of apples and oats that they have completely forgotten that man is something to be feared.

Not far from the Rollingstone Catholic church you will find the collection of shelters, enclosures and sheds that house the rest of Father Tibesar's charges. There are two raccoons, one an albino 'coon the priest bought from a neighboring game breeder. The second raccoon had to be secured as a mate. They are very tame and come when he calls them to eat from his hand. The white 'coon has the true albino pink eyes.

But most of the denizens of the sanctuary are birds. There are over three hundred of them. The pens shelter a dozen kinds of pheasants. There are goldens, Amhersts, Mongolians, ring-necks, the rare Swinhoe pheasant, and the gorgeous Elliott's pheasant. There

are exquisite green Java peafowl that the game breeders are glad to buy for thirty dollars a pair. There are albino peacocks that will bring as much.

It is well that the pets are self-supporting. For it costs the genial priest more than a thousand dollars a year to feed his menagerie, which he must make up in the sale of rare specimens to zoos and game breeders.

Perhaps your attention is called to a splashing in the little pond. Stroll down and you will find Canadian honkers, the rare Mandarin ducks, blue and green-wing teals, mallards, blue and snow geese, some Muscovy ducks, a pair of swans, and also two rare specimens from South America. The honkers are so unafraid that you may even lift them up.

The priest grew up near Heron Lake; and that, he says, is where he learned to know and love as friends the birds and animals about him. Every bird and animal on his eight-acre sanctuary knows him, and will come up to nudge or flutter greeting. But probably Father Tibesar's favorite is the little Japanese silkie hen, which just now is playing mother to five baby quail. He lets her have the freedom of the yard, and if he forgets to let her out in the morning, she is shrilly indignant. Another Japanese silkie is nursemaid to two baby chukars. A clutch of Java peafowl eggs was hatched out by a turkey hen. She cares for the infants as if they were hers.

Deer, peacock and quail wander at will together. Everyone knows they are Father Tibesar's pets. Some natives called him one day to come and get his mallards who had settled on a farm creek. And the farm was twenty miles away!

Loyal Dog Rewarded

It's fifty miles from Kahoka, Missouri, to Quincy of that same state, but this cannot measure the loyalty of a black and tan dog that trailed the bus carrying his master those fifty miles.

The owner of the dog was surprised and touched to find that his faithful pet had followed him to Quincy; but, as he was on a trip into Indiana, and could not take the dog with him, he visited the police station and put his problem before the officers.

Chief J. A. Connery declared that the dog's loyalty should be rewarded with a good home. So the story of the dog's faithfulness and the fifty-mile chase to be with his master was told on the police department's noon broadcast. In less than half an hour after the story was broadcast no less than a dozen persons offered to give the loyal dog a good home.

E. A. FRANCIS

Humane Sunday, April 20; Be Kind to Animals Week, April 21-26, 1941.

Get Ready for Winter Guests

HARRIET SMITH HAWLEY

ALTHOUGH the summer birds are a constant joy, it always seems to me that I know the winter guests a little more intimately. Perhaps this is because day after day I watch the woodpeckers, nuthatches, tree sparrows, juncos, blue-jays and chickadees at such close range that I become acquainted with their every mood. But it is the unusual guest that makes winter feeding an adventure in unexpected possibilities. For almost every winter there comes the unusual



U. S. Dept. Interior

RED-BREASTED NUTHATCHES

visitor. An arrival that will hie the bird-lover to the telephone to call the neighbors in to see.

Three years ago it was the little red-breasted nuthatches that appeared on the second of January and evidently liking our suet and seeds as well as the many pines and spruces about the lawn, decided to spend the winter with us. And a joyous addition they were. Active, alert, making the seeds disappear or prying up, in their search for grubs, a shower of bark from the old elms, they added zest to a cold winter.

Also during this same season, arrived January eleventh, just as the morning sun broke through after a heavy clinging snow-storm, a bird so strange in its performance that I immediately rushed for my glasses in order to properly place this winged stranger. A handsome intruder with a bronzy-yellow breast, a bronzy-yellow rump and distinctive white wing patches. Bossy by nature, I noted too, as he drove off the other birds from the feeding boards. But it was not until I noticed the curious bill with which in

most eccentric fashion he was tackling the food, that I cried with certainty, "the white-winged crossbill." For two or three days he stayed with us, then disappeared as suddenly as he had come, leaving us a happy memory of our passing guest from the northern pines.

The following winter was the winter of the purple finch invasion. And an invasion it was, as we hustled out sunflower seeds in quantity as we endeavored to keep up with our hosts of rosy-red banqueters. My flock numbered twenty-five but a bird-loving friend down the valley counted hers at a hundred and fifty. For weeks they stayed on and were quite the talk of the town.

Last winter, on New Year's Day, I looked out and saw a bird which I thought at first glance the downy woodpecker, whacking away at the big piece of suet. But then on second glance I saw I was wrong, for while he had the tip of red, and had back white flecked, he was brownish rather than black with a red patch under his throat and a yellowish breast. Yes, the yellow-breasted sapsucker and the first I had ever seen on our Connecticut hilltop. A great feeder he proved, often clinging to the suet for twenty minutes at a stretch and resting, it seemed, between his strong jabs at the suet. For several weeks he remained and though we were warned that he was not a desirable guest since he had the reputation of boring into the pines for sap, not once did we spy him at it. Perhaps he decided that suet was not only preferable but easier to get.

Last year also the evening grosbeaks came to our village but while a neighbor a few houses from ours had them regularly at her window feeding-station, they did not come up the hill to ours.

So this fall when I lay in my supply of food for the winter guests, I shall wonder what newcomer will come flying in on the wings of the north wind. And when he arrives, I shall be ready. Will you?

One can seldom judge character by appearances. The hippopotamus is a member of the pig tribe. In fact, hippo lard can be made, and is generally of fine quality. The meat of the beast, however, is said to resemble beef more than it does pork. The large appetite of the pig seems to run in the family, nevertheless. A large hippopotamus has a stomach over ten feet long. And into this organ will fit six bushels of food.

A speaker was irritated by the noise made by the assemblage. "Silence!" he roared. "I want this hall to be so still you can hear a pin drop." There was a deadly quiet for a moment; then an irrepressible youth piped up: "Let 'er drop."

Whistling Marmot

THE marmots comprise a large group of animals which includes the prairie-dogs, the pocket gophers, the woodchucks or groundhogs, so well known on our New England farms, and others of the squirrel and rabbit families.



WHISTLING MARMOT

By C. A. Musgrave, Seattle, Wash.
Prize-winner in recent contest of
Our Dumb Animals

The marmot, shown above, derives his first name from the shrill whistle which is a cry of alarm that he sounds when danger is near or approaching. This signal is caught by other members of the colony and repeated. All are put on guard and are prepared to scurry to their burrows well ahead of their enemies.

When standing upright the "whistler" is about thirty inches tall. The home of the marmots is west of the Rockies and covers a large portion of southern Canada.

The Elephant's Antenna

The elephant's trunk is not only his greatest asset in his search for food but it is also his most formidable weapon. Yet, in spite of this, the appendage is so delicately formed and so sensitively balanced that it also acts as a modified "antenna" through which he receives many impressions, such as the approach of an enemy or the propinquity of a mate. It has been estimated that there are approximately forty thousand muscles in the elephant's trunk; almost as many as there are in the entire remainder of his huge bulk.

Old Joe

Edwin Carlile Litsey

He's just a horse, but he helped to drag
The mortgage off my farm.
Now that he's old and growing weak,
I'll keep him safe from harm.

Can I forget those blistering hours
He toiled with panting breath?
Can I forget those shoulder scars?
He'll wear them till his death.

He gave to me his very life,
I gave him food and drink.
Of the bargain made between us two
I got the best, I think.

Now with no shoes upon his feet,
His harness laid away;
Old Joe has nothing else to do
But rest, and munch his hay.

The First Draft Horses

Medieval knighthood and the age of chivalry were largely responsible for the huge European draft horses in use today. An armored knight, together with the trappings of his steed, weighed between three and four hundred pounds. This was too great a load for the average horse of that day which had been bred for lightness and speed. Horse-breeders, therefore, turned their aim to build size and weight at the sacrifice of speed. With the invention of gunpowder, knighthood ceased, and the horses were put to the more practical uses of agriculture and commerce.

T. R. B.

Back Together

Out in Republic, Washington, a fourteen-year-old boy named Larry Windsor, owns a dog named "Trixie," says *Dog News*.

Trixie is a great rat dog. Recently she and Larry were down in the freight yards, when suddenly Trixie spied a rat. She made a dash for it and the rat leaped into a freight car. Trixie leaped after it and at that very instant, out pulled the freight car.

Trixie rode all the way to New York before anybody discovered her. By that time her young owner had sent out some SOS's to the Railroad Company. The consignee of the freight shipment—a dog lover—was interested in the story, took the dog and then wired Larry the money to fly to New York and pick her up and take her home.

After Christmas save your tree and place it in a sheltered spot for the use of the birds. Bits of suet, raisins, nuts, popcorn, and other such tid-bits attached to the tree, with cracked corn, crumbs, etc., scattered beneath, will insure the patronage of feathered friends throughout the winter.

Bands of Mercy or Junior Humane Leagues

Dr. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, President

THE first juvenile organization in this country pledging children to kindness to animals was founded by Geo. T. Angell and the Rev. Thomas Timmins in Boston, Massachusetts, on July 28, 1882. Since then no less than 254,870 units of the Band of Mercy have been organized and reported to the office of the Societies which Mr. Angell founded. They are principally in elementary schools, but may consist of any group of thirty or more, regardless of age, who are willing to take this simple

PLEDGE

I will try to be kind to all living creatures and try to protect them from cruel usage.

Various Humane Societies throughout the country have on their staff a director of Humane Education whose chief duty is to visit schools, talk on kindness to animals, and help teachers to organize the juvenile groups, under whatever name they may choose. To such groups, when properly reported, the American Humane Education Society of Boston will send a supply of free literature and a gilt badge for the president. See inside front cover for prices

GUY RICHARDSON, Secretary

E. A. MARYOTT, State Organizer

of literature and other Band of Mercy supplies.

The American Humane Education Society has at present ten field workers in as many different states, who, among other activities, engage in this work. The following report includes new Bands of Mercy, or Junior Humane Leagues, organized by these and other workers in the month of November.

NEW BANDS OF MERCY

One thousand, four hundred and seventy-five new Bands of Mercy were reported during November. These were distributed as follows:

Texas	287
Rhode Island	223
Georgia	217
Pennsylvania	180
Illinois	166
Massachusetts	115
Maine	105
South Carolina	90
Florida	49
Virginia	33
Vermont	6
Wisconsin	3
Tennessee	1

Total number Bands of Mercy organized by Parent-American Society, 254,870.



"LOVE ME, LOVE MY DOG"

State-Wide Humane Poster Contest for Pupils

AGAIN this year, the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals will conduct a Humane Poster Contest open to pupils in grammar grades above the third, and in junior high and high schools—both public and parochial, in Massachusetts only. It will close positively on March 29, 1941. Results will be announced during Be Kind to Animals Week, April 21-26, when many of the best of the posters will be exhibited in a convenient place in Boston to be announced later.

The Society offers attractive new bronze medals, with blue ribbon, to be awarded as first prizes; medals with red ribbon as second prizes; and annual subscriptions to *Our Dumb Animals* for honorable mentions. Prizes will be distributed liberally in all competing schools. Last season 7,603 posters were entered by pupils from 482 schools, in 165 cities and towns, and 977 first awards were made, 1,128 second, and 1,498 honorable mentions. It

is hoped that an even larger number of pupils may enter posters this year.

THE FOLLOWING RULES ARE IMPORTANT:

1. No more than five posters may be submitted from one room and one only from each pupil, teachers to make the selection. Schools and, so far as possible, grades, will be judged independently of each other, with, however, a certain standard being kept in mind.

2. Pencil or crayon, pen and ink, cut-out paper (original, not magazine covers, or pictures) silhouette, water colors or charcoal may be used. Color adds greatly to the effectiveness.

3. Drawings, on light cardboard or heavy paper, should be not less than 12 x 18 inches, nor more than 18 x 24 inches, and should be shipped flat (never rolled), all charges prepaid, to reach the Massachusetts S. P. C. A. not later than March 29, 1941.

4. NOTE CAREFULLY: In the upper right-hand corner, on the back of each poster, must be written legibly, the contestant's name, WITH FULL HOME ADDRESS, (be sure to give street and number), also number of the grade, name and address of the school, and name of teacher. Use white ink, or paste a white slip with name and address when dark cardboard or paper is used.

5. All posters receiving awards become the property of the Society. Other posters will be returned only if request is made at time of sending and return postage enclosed, or arrangements made to call.

6. ADDRESS ALL POSTERS PLAINLY, ALL CHARGES PREPAID, to SECRETARY, MASSACHUSETTS S. P. C. A., 180 LONGWOOD AVENUE, BOSTON, to reach this office by March 29, 1941, at the latest.

CHILDREN'S PAGE

Lesson for the New Year

MARY AGNES COLVILLE

*I teach my dog to be polite,
And always do the thing that's right;
But I must watch my manners, too,
And tell myself: "Prince watches you;"
For if I'm rude, though just in fun,
His lessons may be all undone.*

The Doctor's Strange Animals

ALFRED I. TOOKE

THE Doctor tried his hand at jumbling up the names of various animals the other day, and here is the result:

1. NOSE CHOIR R	7. PALM DOES CAR
2. CHIN HIS CALL	8. CHEST A HE
3. SCALP TO E	9. HEART P N S
4. ARM IS ALL DO	10. LIVER NO SEW
5. LEG ZEALS	11. RIBS BAT
6. TOE PANELS	12. SHIP AM POP OUT

Can you unjumble them and tell what animals they are? Correct answers will be found on this page next month.

The World's Youngest Fireman

ONLY a trifle over two years of age, Baby Sandy, star of the movie, "Fireman Save My Child," is the official mascot of the South Pasadena fire department which presented her with a badge, much to her delight. Her grandfather, Raymond Phares, has been a fireman with that department for years. Sandy has been brought up with two outstanding lessons—the love of animals and the fear of fire. She knows that pets need good care. Here she is with her fond companion, "Rex," who accompanies her everywhere, in the studio as well as away from it.

BABY SANDY AND "REX"

Mrs. Brown Bear and Family

DOROTHEA K. GOULD

MRS. BROWN BEAR tramped over the sparkling snow. As she could not find a thing to eat she decided to search for a nice place to sleep through the winter.

Finally she came upon a big tree that had been torn up by the roots. Mrs. Brown Bear examined the hole that had been left where the roots were pulled out, and found it to be just the right size.

The roots and overhanging limbs made a neat little roof, and in this hole Mrs. Brown Bear would be safe and cozy.

Mrs. Brown Bear looked around to be sure that none of her forest neighbors would see her enter the hole. Then she used her paws to push leaves into the hole for a bed, and crawled in. Her fur coat was thick and warm, and when the snow came down to cover her up she was even warmer.

Mrs. Brown Bear slept all by herself until the end of January. Then she woke up excitedly—and no wonder! For there, snuggling against her long, brown fur, were three baby bears.

The little cubs were very tiny and weighed only a few ounces. They were almost naked, their eyes were closed, and they were toothless. But that didn't make any difference because they were all going to sleep for a while yet anyway.

Six weeks later it was so warm and sunny outside that Mrs. Brown Bear stepped out-of-doors with her babies. She wanted them to see and feel the lovely warm sun, and she wanted to show them how to find something to eat.

The babies had little teeth now, their eyes were opened, and they had some clothes on their backs.

Mrs. Brown Bear took care of the little ones all through the summer. After that they were able to take care of themselves.



I Declare My Love

Judy Van der Veer

I love horses, goats and sheep,
And cows with dark eyes,
The earth has spoken to them
And made them wise.

They graze on green hills in the spring,
Hills theirs more than ours—
They know the goodness of grass,
They walk among flowers.

I love deer beautiful as dreams
Seen in the dawn,
In half-light I saw a doe
With a young fawn.

They were soft as dusk coloring
Against the hill,
Gentle as dawn or twilight,
With the world still.

I love hawks and eagles
Adrift in the sky,
And the clear wild challenge
Of a coyote's cry.

And all small things
That walk in the night,
Quiet and furtive,
With eyes shining bright . . .

A Bit of Stevenson

"Gentleness and cheerfulness, these come before all morality; they are the perfect duties. And it is the trouble with moral men that they have neither one nor other. If your morals make you dreary, depend upon it, they are wrong. I do not say 'give them up,' for they may be all you have; but conceal them like a vice, lest they should spoil the lives of better and simpler people."

**New Style Humane Calendar
For 1941**

"The picture is most appropriate and the arrangement individual and very attractive," writes a prominent humane society executive of the 1941 HUMANE CALENDAR.

It is of an entirely new design, with colored picture of a boy and a dog, "Heroic Dreams of Youth," 8 x 10 inches, and a pad, 2½ by 4½ inches, all mounted on a light green cardboard, 11 x 16 inches, mailed flat.

It is the most attractive Calendar we have ever put out, and is a product of the nationally known Osborne Company.

One Society ordered 100 copies and found they went so fast that a second order for a like number was placed.

Price, 15 cents each; six for 80 cents; 12 for \$1.50, postpaid.

Address, Secretary

AMERICAN HUMANE
EDUCATION SOCIETY
180 Longwood Avenue, Boston, Mass.

IN THE EDITOR'S LIBRARY

THE KEEPER OF THE STARS, Isadore Elizabeth Flanders.

In this small but attractive volume the author brings together three stories, two of which have a decidedly Christmas flavor. The title story tells of the romantic search of a shepherd for six persons who say they miss the stars which the Keeper has restrained from twirling in their places because so few notice them. "A Christmas Story" charmingly introduces Mother Goose, Old Mother Hubbard, Little Boy Blue, and many other nursery characters to whom Santa Claus finally appears and before whom he gives his reindeer to Mary, Mary, Quite Contrary, while he flies away in a gigantic red airship. "Santa's Rush Order" is an amusing account of how Santa ordered perfect Christmas snow from a fictitious Company, delicacies from the master-baker, appetizers from the master-butcher, nuts and candies from the master-grocer, etc., with Hans and Gretel, Little Red Riding Hood and Cinderella all done in tempting sweets. The book is well called an admirable stepping-stone to the World of Fancy.

32 pp. \$1. Christopher Publishing House, Boston.

**Humane Films
For Rent or Sale**

For these "proven" subjects in silent pictures—

THE BELL OF ATRI

illustrating Longfellow's poem,
and

ON BEHALF OF ANIMALS

showing the practical work of the Massachusetts S. P. C. A. and the Angell Animal Hospital,

Address

Secretary, 180 Longwood Ave.
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Liberal Annuity Rates

Both of our Societies offer you semi-annually during your lifetime a fixed income on the sum given. Depending upon your age at the time of the gift, the rate varies from 4½% to 9% per annum, beginning at age 45.

ADVANTAGES

It is no experiment,

There is no anxiety,

No fluctuations in rate of income,

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No legal expenses,

No inheritance taxes,

Your gift will benefit the humane objects of the Societies,

No waste of your estate by a will contest.

* * * * *

Persons of comparatively small means may, by this arrangement, obtain a better income for life than could be had with equal safety by the usual methods of investment, while avoiding the risks and waste of a will contest and ultimately promoting the cause of unfortunate animals.

The management of our invested funds is a guarantee of the security of these Life Annuities.

The Massachusetts S. P. C. A., or the American Humane Education Society, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston, will be glad to furnish further details.

Our Dumb Animals

Published on the first Tuesday of each month by the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, 46 Central Street, Norwood, Massachusetts. Boston Office: 180 Longwood Avenue. Address all communications to Boston.

TERMS

One dollar per year. Postage free to any part of the world.

All dollar subscriptions sent direct to the office entitle the sender to membership in either of our two Societies.

RATES OF MEMBERSHIP IN**THE AMERICAN HUMANE EDUCATION SOCIETY
OR THE MASSACHUSETTS S. P. C. A.**

Active Life	\$100.00	Active Annual	\$10.00
Associate Life	50.00	Associate Annual	5.00
Sustaining Life	20.00	Annual	1.00
Children's	\$0.75		

Checks and other payments may be sent to ALBERT A. POLLARD, Treasurer, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston.

Manuscripts should be addressed to the Editor, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston.

TO OUR FRIENDS

In making your will, kindly bear in mind that the corporate title of our Society is "The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals"; that it is the second incorporated (March, 1868) Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals in the country, and that it has no connection with any other similar Society.

Any bequest especially intended for the benefit of the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital, should, nevertheless, be made to the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals "for the use of the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital," as the Hospital is not incorporated but is the property of that Society and is conducted by it.

FORM OF BEQUEST

I give to The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals (or to The American Humane Education Society), the sum of dollars, (or, if other property, describe the property).

